With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vncle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhal not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I wil haue them if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and Coſin adew,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Exeunt.

Du. Come my old ſonne, I pray God make thee new

Manet ſir Pierce Exton, &c.

Exton Didſt thou not marke the K. what words he ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?
Man Theſe were his very words.
Exton Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice.
And vrgd it twice togither, did he not?
Man He did.
Exton And ſpeaking it, he wiſhtly lookt on mee,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou were the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue beene ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,
My braine Ile prooue, the female to my ſoule,
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts:
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe,
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the poſterne of a ſmal needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot

Vnlikely wonders: how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt like ſeely beggars.
Who ſitting in the ſtockes refuge their ſhame,
That haue many, and others muſt ſet there.
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a beggar,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And ſtrait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhal be pleaſde, till he be eaſde,
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare, *the muſike plaies*
Ha ha keepe time, how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the muſike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintineſſe of eare
To checke time broke in diſordered ſtring:
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eies the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt
Is pointing ſtil, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that telles what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell, ſo ſighs, and teares, and groanes,